# THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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State Library July 95


## We start this week

**To make a special Cut Price Sale,**

Which will continue until Feb. 10, 1895. Don't wait until our stock is so low we cannot suit you, but come while we have a fair assortment to select from. All heavy Suits, Ulsters, Overcoats, Underwear, etc., go at a sacrifice. You won't get better clothing anywhere than we sell. We keep all kinds to, the most expensive, but whatever kind you select you can rest assured that it is the best for the money that can be obtained. Still, if after you have taken it home and are not perfectly satisfied, bring it back and get your money back.

Don't be led astray by misrepresentations. Investigate for yourself, come in and see us and if we do not prove to you that we are the lowest priced as well as the most reliable clothing house in Butler County, then we do not know what we are talking about.

Did you ever have a fit in a suit of clothes?

If not come to us, we'll fit you, if not in our ready to wear clothing, we surely can in our made to measure department.

Hustle while you have the legs. There are no chickens in last year's eggs. Take advantage of our special Cut Rate sale. Hustle around and get a bargain.

The Lexow Committee made it warm for corrupt public officials in New York, but you can keep comfortable by wearing one of our Ulsters or Overcoats. Cut prices in every one of them.

We do not advertise anything we cannot substantiate

COUPON.

Cut out this coupon. Bring it to us between now and Feb. 10 1895, and we will allow you a cash discount of 10 per cent. on any purchase you make. Good until Feb. 10, '95.

DOUTHETT & GRAHAM.

OUR LOSS! YOUR GAIN!

## Douthett & Graham,

Main and Cunningham Streets,
BUTLER, PENN'A.



## SPECIAL

Owing to a contemplated change in our business April 1st, it becomes necessary that we close out our entire stock on or before that date—We will therefore place on sale this week over 2 000 pairs of pants 1 000 suits underwear, 1 200 Men's, 800 Boy's and 600 Children's suits; 500 Overcoats; 1600 Hats; 300 solid gold Rings; 50 Watches; 200 Chains, 1,000 Collar and Cuff buttons; 2,000 Scarf pins; 200 Shirt waists, etc.

We here give you timely notice of special days sales, and special discount, so that you can prepare to take advantage of these sales and secure some of the bargains.

## Bargain Days

Wednesday Jan. 30—Pants day—25 per cent off,
Friday, Feb. 1st—Overcoat day—25 per cent. off,
Tuesday Feb 5th—Underwear day—25 per cent. off,
Thursday, Feb. 7th—Jewelry day—25 per cent off,
Monday, Feb. 11th—Hat day - 25 per cent. off.

Special sales on certain lines of goods every day as long as those goods last. These goods not subject to special discount. Pants former price 3 to 6 dollars, special price $1 50 to $3 50—Men's suits former price $4 50 to $12 00, special price 2 50 to 7 50,—Childrens suits, former price 1 to 6 dollars special price 75c to $3 50,—fine gondola Hats former price $2 00 to $4 50 special price from 75c to $2 00—Boy's and Childrens Caps, former price 15 to 25c, special price 1 to 10c—Underwear former price 25c, Special price 15c—Mufflers former price from 50c to $2 50 special price 25c to $1 25

Don't miss this great sale—by borrowing money at 6 per cent you can save 27 per cent net, now this may seem strange yet it is true, and if you doubt it Just call around and we will convince you.

## D. A. Heck,

Champion Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher,
21 N. Main St., Duffy's Block, Butler, Pa



## FRANK KEMPER,

DEALER IN

BLANKETS, HARNESS,

And everything in horse and buggy furnishing goods-Harness, Collars, Whips, Dusters, Saddles, etc.

Also trunks and valises.

Repairing done on short notice.

The largest assortment of 5-A Horse blankets in town will be found at

FRANK KEMPER'S,
124 S. MAIN ST. BUTLER, PA.

## Good Looks Count.

When you turn out for a drive you want your carriage to look as well as your neighbors. You'll have no fear on that score if you have a

## Fredonia Buggy.

Fredonia Vehicles are the best on the market in every way. If you'll examine them at your dealers you'll agree with this statement.

Made by FREDONIA MFG. CO., Youngstown, Ohio.



Lion COFFEE

A DELICIOUS DRINK

SOLD ONLY IN 1 lb PACKAGES

A BEAUTIFUL CARD IN EVERY PACKAGE

MANY FINE PREMIUMS GIVEN FREE TO DRINKERS OF LION COFFEE



## C. AND D.

A business that keeps growing through a season of depression, such as the country has experienced, is an evidence that people realize they save money by trading with us. We know, and always have known, the days of large profits are past. Without question we are giving more for the money than last year. Our stock is larger to select from than last year.

CALL AND SEE US.

Colbert & Dale.



WEAR

HAMMERSLOUGH BRO'S

Famous New York, tailor-made

## CLOTHING

For sale by prominent dealers all over the State. None genuine without Hammerslough Bro's label. The swellest and best wearing clothes in this Country. Ask your clothier for them.



JOHN W. BROWN. C. A. ABRAMS.

ABRAMS & BROWN,

Real Estate, Fire and Life Insurance.

BUSELL'S BUILDING.

NEAR COURT HOUSE. BUTLER, PA

Insurance Companies represented: Home of New York, Assets $9 278 000; Home of N. Y. 1024 year, Assets $9 278 000; Hartford of Hartford, Assets $7 378 000; Phoenix of Brooklyn, Assets $6,000,000.

"ALWAYS thought," said Mrs. Hanna, tears springing to her eyes, "that Jack would have been the best of my children. He used to be when he was a little fellow. There never was such a good boy as he was. And when he grew older he was just the same, so ready and willing. Never cross and fretful as the others were. And generous! My! he'd have given his head away, Mrs. Day. And I never had to ask him twice to run an errand for me. He was ready almost before the words were out of my mouth. And now—"

Mrs. Hanna's lip quivered and her voice broke suddenly. The minister's wife looked at her pityingly for a moment, her gentle brown eyes full of sympathy.

"And now," continued Mrs. Hanna, with a sob, "he's so different; so changed! It breaks my heart."

She began to cry.

Mrs. Day did not attempt to check her. She let her weep for a little and then said quite cheerfully:

"Now, my dear, I wish, if you feel you can, you'd tell me all about it, and perhaps we can find a way out of the trouble. It can't be so bad yet. Jack is young, and I don't think he can have gone so far astray that he couldn't be reclaimed—if one went about it in the right way."

"Right way!" echoed Mrs. Hanna with a note of bitterness in her voice. "Right way! Why, do you think I haven't tried all ways? I've done everything. When I first found he was going with those awful men—that was about a year ago, I guess—I thought it would have killed me. But I made up my mind I'd save my son if I had to talk until my tongue wore out. And I did talk. I talked kindly and I talked sternly and I tried argument and I tried even threats. I threatened to tell his father. Every night I sat up for him; and I didn't care how late it was, I'd always see him before he got into his room. And then I'd remonstrate with him and ask him if he thought that was a proper time to be coming home, and he wouldn't answer a word. He'd grown just so sullen. And later he got so he'd scarcely speak to me at all. And now he just goes in and out, and if he does open his lips it's only to—to—swear at something, and last night he came home—oh, Mrs. Day, my boy came home drunk, and when I was getting him to bed a pack of cards fell out of his pocket. And—what shall I do? What shall I do? I'll have to tell his father now, and that'll be the end, for Tom wouldn't have a son in his house who'd drink and gamble, and there'll be an awful scene. And Jack will go away and then it will all be misery. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

For a moment Mrs. Day did not reply. Then she said, quietly:

"Of course, it's difficult for you, poor dear. But, bad as it is, it isn't past help by any means. First of all, you won't tell your husband. I hope you won't tell your husband."

Mrs. Hanna murmured brokenly, amid her tears:

"I must; oh, I must!"

"No," went on Mrs. Day, disregarding her, "I hope you won't tell his father."

"Not tell his father!" stammered Mrs. Hanna, awaking aghast to the realization that Mrs. Day was suggesting a course of concealment—the minister's wife was suggesting a course of concealment—to her that, to her rigid sense, appeared to be almost unrighteous.

"I HOPE YOU WON'T TELL HIS FATHER."

"Not tell his father? Why, Mrs. Day, what can you mean? Of course I must tell his father."

"I don't see that," responded Mrs. Day. - "But I do see that just now you have got to be very careful, to act very wisely, or you will lose your son. You mustn't let him be harshly treated. He must not lose his self-respect. He—"

"As though a boy who has done what he has had any self-respect," moaned Mrs. Hanna.

Mrs. Day went right on:

"He must not be made to feel that he is cast off. You say that your telling Mr. Hanna will cause an open rupture between him and Jack. Remember that if Jack leaves your house you have lost your last hold on him, your last shadow of influence. As it stands, you may think you have little enough, though I feel sure it is not so, but then you would have none. Jack is of a sensitive nature. He is easily led. It is unfortunate that he happened to fall among thieves, but it is not necessarily fatal. What you must do is to put nothing in the way of his reclamation. If he wishes to reform he must not be held back by the consciousness of open disgrace. Let us give him every chance. Let us tell no one of what has happened. Let us act as though it had never been."

Mrs. Hanna's tears had dried on her cheeks. She had forgotten to wipe them away in her bewilderment at what she heard. That anyone—that the minister's wife above all—should be suggesting to her what appeared to be a compromise between right and wrong. To her, who had never yet recognized shades—to her to whom the truth was "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," and what was other than this in any particular must of necessity be false. If something in her bosom tugged at her heart-strings and pleaded for her son, that was a sinful instinct that must be crushed because it was contemptible, because it meant the countenancing of evil, and what was evil she must repudiated even if it be in her own son. How could she shield Jack without sacrificing her own integrity? If she refrained from telling his father she would not be telling the whole truth. In other words, according to her reason, she would be lying.

"No," said Mrs. Day to this, "not at all. Don't you think it's better to withhold than to speak unkindly? I'm sure my husband would approve me here. We've both found that the most rigid means are not always the most effectual nor these only possible in rectitude. One can't always be downright. One must have tact. Sometimes I think that just this right kind of tact) ought to have a place in the list of the virtues. One can gain so much good by it. We human beings are so different. We need such different treatment. We can't all be led by the same string, and I don't believe God ever meant we should be. Now, I'm pretty sure from what I know of Jack that he is not a boy one can drive. I—"

But here Mrs. Hanna interrupted her with an eager exclamation.

"Goodness gracious, Mrs. Day! drive! Well, I guess if I had to drive him to goodness— He ought to be anxious for it on its own account, and it almost seems to me that if he can't see it in that light he might as well be let stay bad."

"Bad!" echoed Mrs. Day in her turn. "Jack isn't bad. He's only foolish. And so far as one's not being led to goodness is concerned, why, Mrs. Hanna, if it weren't for that very necessity we'd all be saints. Every day we live we're being urged and coaxed and led toward goodness and away from temptation by the most patient and tender means. Don't you see it in your own experience? Do you think we have enough virtue in us to go of our own accord? Oh, dear, no! Now what I want to prove to you is that it is not only not wrong, but that it is positively right, for us to try to win Jack over by what my husband would call 'a holy stratagem.' At any rate, will you let me try? I promise to take all the blame on my shoulders."

Mrs. Hanna wavered. She ardently desired the end, but she distrusted the means.

"It doesn't seem to me right," she protested. "It doesn't seem to me as if the sort of goodness one would gain in such roundabout ways would be worth much. But you can try. Only I feel so fearfully responsible in not telling his father."

A couple of nights later Jack Hanna let himself into the house, as was usual, very gently, but, as was not usual, long before midnight. He trod very softly, but his mother heard him enter and stood ready to meet him at the head of the stairs, clad in her dressing gown and knitted slippers.

"Oh, hello, mum!" whispered the young fellow. "You up again? By the way, Mrs. Day sends her love to you."

"Mrs. Day?"

"Yes. She says don't forget to send around for those what-you-call-'ems she promised you. Hoopskirt patterns or something. But, anyway—"

"Where did you see Mrs. Day?" interrupted Mrs. Hanna, taking her hand from the baluster rail and moving a step nearer her son.

"Oh, didn't I tell you? She wanted me to take her to the Carters'. They had a whist party and she wanted to go, and Mr. Day couldn't, or wouldn't or something. Anyway, I took her, and we had a daisy time."

"Whist," said Mrs. Hanna, in a repressed voice.

"Yes, whist," repeated the young man. "And whist or you'll wake the pater. Good night, mum."

He passed before her and closed himself into his own room.

The next day Mrs. Day told Mrs. Hanna that Jack had distinguished himself at the Carters'.

"They just delight in him. They think he is so bright and clever and they wondered why they had never met him before. Mrs. Carter asked him to call and he is going, I believe. I'm glad. The Carters are such fine people and Hilda is charming. She plays very well. She and Jack had quite a musical disenssion. He doesn't like some composer she adores. She says it's because he doesn't [illegible] well enough to be able to judge. Jack grew quite worked up about it!"

"I guess there are few composers Jack doesn't know about," said his mother with a spark of pride.

"Yes, so I thought," assented Mrs. Day, calmly. "I said so, in fact. And to prove it he and Hilda are coming to dine with me next Wednesday night, and Hilda is to be convinced that his feeling isn't one of 'prejudice, but of conviction.' I believe that is how he put it. Fancy! Conviction regarding a composer! But they were so in earnest you'd have supposed 'twas a creed."

"And you let them? You didn't tell them they might be better employed? You permitted them to talk about their convictions as though it concerned a vital question? Oh, Mrs. Day, I'd rather have it right out with Jack. This seems to me like wasting time. I don't see how all this is going to bring him to salvation."

"Let me try a bit longer," pleaded Mrs. Day. "Why, I haven't fairly begun yet."

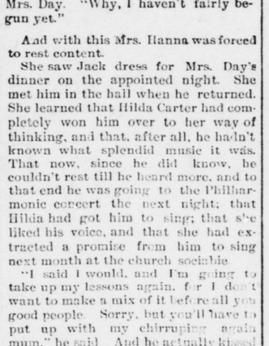
And with this Mrs. Hanna was forced to rest content.

She saw Jack dress for Mrs. Day's dinner on the appointed night. She met him in the hall when he returned. She learned that Hilda Carter had completely won him over to her way of thinking, and that, after all, he hadn't known what splendid music it was. That now, since he did know, he couldn't rest till he heard more, and to that end he was going to the Philharmonic concert the next night; that Hilda had got him to sing; that she liked his voice, and that she had extracted a promise from him to sing next month at the church sociable.

"I said I would, and I'm going to take up my lessons again, for I don't want to make a mix of it before all you good people. Sorry, but you'll have to put up with my chirruping again, mum," he said. And he actually kissed her good night.

After that Mrs. Hanna could guess with tolerable accuracy where Jack had been spending his evenings. He had his cheery, communicative nights and his moody, reticent ones. And these served to report him more faithfully than he would have believed or perhaps desired, for we all have our little reserves in spite of ourselves, and are not always anxious to have our moods revealed.

At first the nights of cheery communicativeness were the exception, but gradually they grew more and more frequent as the young man was drawn more and more into the society of pure women and honorable men, and by and by the others ceased entirely, and if Mrs. Hanna had any ground for complaint against her son it was not the company he kept. He attended church service regularly every Sunday, but his mother looked on this askance.



"OH! HELLO, MUM!"

"He doesn't go for the church's sake. It's because he knows he'll see Hilda Carter there," mourned she.

Mrs. Day laughed.

"It's a bit hard on the minister's wife to be told that folks attend her husband's church for reasons with which his preaching has nothing to do. But, never mind, so long as he comes. Later, perhaps, his motive will be simpler. We can wait. And if we can wait—"

Her pause was eloquent. Mrs. Hanna made no reply. She had come to consult Mrs. Day about the costume Jack was to wear at an impending exhibition of "Living Pictures."

"You know all about such matters," she said, "but I never was concerned in anything of the kind before. In my day young people weren't always having to be entertained. We went to church and prayer-meeting, and that was the end of it. But now it's either fairs or suppers, or something the whole livelong time. But I must say I'm sorry he and Hilda Carter are going to be in the same tableau. I'm afraid it will make gossip. Mrs. Danielson told me yesterday that they were engaged."

"Did you tell that to Jack?" asked Mrs. Day, with a flicker of amusement.

"Yes. Of course. I thought I ought. I feel it's only right I should give him a hint of what's being said so he can stop it. Of course he can't break with Hilda all at once, but he might gradually stop going there. That sort of thing can't be done abruptly; one has to use tact and discretion. Yes, Mrs. Danielson told me, quite as though it were an open secret, that they were engaged."

"What does Jack say?"

"Nothing."

But Jack did say something. He said it to Hilda herself.

"Oh, by the way, what do you think? Mrs. Danielson has told my mother that we were engaged."

"Were?" laughed Hilda to hide her embarrssment.

"No, I mean are," replied Jack bluntly.

"That was thoughtful of Mrs. Danielson to inform your mother. Well of course you told Mrs. Hanna that it was not so. That our feeling for each other was merely a friendly one."

"No, I didn't. You see, I couldn't tell her that, because it isn't. I mean mine isn't."

Hilda reddened.

"You only think that," she said in a matter-of-fact sort of tone.

"What? That mine i n't? Oh, no, I know it. What I do think is that yours is. I makes me miserable."

"I don't want to make you miserable—" ventured Hilda.

And even after this, after they were engaged, Jack went to church. It caused his mother to wonder for now her idea that his attendance was simply for the sake of Hilda was all proved. He could see her when ever he wished.

It was diffienlt of belief, but certain it was that Mrs. Day had triumphed. Heaven had smiled on her "holy stratagem."—Arthur's Home Magazine

—Bagley—"That pawnbroker bowed to your wife; does he know her?" Brace—"I presume he feels that he does; he has seen her picture so often inside the case of my watch."—N Y Herald.

—But the day is spent, and stars are kindling in the firmament, to us how silent, though, like ours, perchance, busy and full of life and circumstance. —Samuel Rogers

### The Pleasures of Home Life.

"What a cozy home you have," said his bachelor friend as he entered Mr. Nuwed's house for the first time.

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Nuwed ecstatically. "I never knew the real comforts of life until I married. Now, if you'll just sit down a moment I'll go and [illegible] wood, bring up some coal for the grate fire, set out the milk pitcher, mend the kitchen stove, put up a curtain pole, attend to a few other domestic duties and then we'll sit down and have a real nice time."—Chicago Record.

### Clearest Kind of Proof.

Police Commissioner—Several citizens swear that they saw Officer O'Toole coming out of a brewery.

O'Toole's Lawyer—But the defease submits that it could not have been a brewery.

Police Commissioner—What proof have you of this?

O'Toole's Lawyer—The fact that he was seen to leave.—Kate Field's Washington.

### The Road to Love.

"Is there no place" I hear the youth inquire
"Between this plain and that bright height above?"
"You cannot stop," replies the aged sire;
"There's no Half-Way House on the road to Love."

—Life

### PAT SHOULD APPEAL TO MR. EDISON.

"They say it is electricity," said Pat, as he stopped before the incandescent street light, "but I'll be damned if I see how it is they make the hole in the bottle."—Yale Courant.

### Not a Secret.

He placed his hand upon his heart.

"You cannot imagine," he protested, "what a terrible load I carry and yet give no sign to the world."

She turned away her head.

"Believe me," she faltered, "the world knows."

A subtle something in the way she raised her handkerchief to her face impelled him to surreptitiously take another clove or two.—Detroit Tribune.

### Had Tried Them.

Little Dot—Mamma, read in a paper that a deaf man out west was stung by a swarm of bees, and now he can hear as well as ever.

Little Dick—I don't see how beestings could make a deaf man hear, but I should think they'd make a dumb man speak.—Good News.

### Not an Agnostic.

Bessie—Don't you believe in anything?

Frank—Oh, yes, in pretty girls, for instance.

Bessie—Then I suppose you often change your place of worship and keep the same creed.—Detroit Free Press.

### An Expert Opinion.

Mrs. Benedict—Now, what would you do, Mr. De Batch, if you had a baby that cried for the moon?

De Batch (grimly)—I'd do the next best thing for him, madam; I'd make him see stars.—Kate Field's Washington.

### Plenty of Company.

Bingo—Now that you are living in the country, I should think you would find it lone some riding back and forth on the train.

Witherby—Not at all, old man. I always have a servant girl with me.—Life.

### HANDY MOVABLE SHED.

**A Convenience That Will Pay for Itself in a Short Time.**

A handy movable shed for brood sows or calves, or any desired purpose, can be made as follows: For the roof take 4 2x4 pine scantlings 12 feet long; distribute these for rafters, and nail to each end a 2x4 pine scantling 8 feet long; place upon these shingling lath or sheathing, and cover with shingles or other material in the ordinary way. For the ends: The lower end will require 2 scantlings 8 feet long and 2 uprights of same scantlings 2 feet long. Hinge this on lower inside edge of lower end of roof so it will turn inwards. The upper end arrange the same way, only use 3 scantlings 5 feet long and uprights of the same only 6 feet long. The sides fit in with similar framing, and so hinge that each side will turn inwards over the ends, and board upright all around. The reason for this hinging is for convenience in knocking it down, moving it, and setting it up again. In tearing it down carefully tip it over on roof, wrong side up, on a sled, fold down ends and sides, then move where desired; put up again and fasten at corners with a spike or two, leaving the heads out so as to draw out easily, and it is complete. Often it need not be let down at all, only tipped on the end of a sled as needed. Such a convenience will many times pay for itself. It can be used sometimes for farm machinery or for storing potatoes or other roots until ready to pit or market. The accompanying illustration will give an idea of its construction.—D. Livingston, in Orange Judd Farmer.

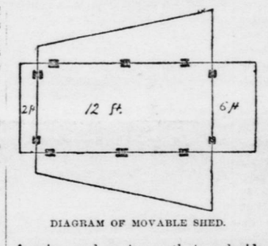



DIAGRAM OF MOVABLE SHED.

### BARNYARD MANURE.

**Its Importance and Pecuniary Value on the Farm.**

Barnyard manure is the most important manurial resource of the farm and should be carefully saved and used: It represents fertility drawn from the soil and must be returned to it if productiveness is to be maintained.

This manure contains all the fertilizing elements required by plants in forms that insure plentiful crops and permanent fertility to the soil. The urine is the most valuable portion, but it is best used in connection with the solid dung, one thus correcting the deficiencies of the other.

The amount and value of the manure produced by different farm animals is put at the following figures in the latest farmers' bulletin, the computations being made on the basis of 1,000 pounds of live weight: Sheep, 34.1 pounds of manure per day, worth 7.2 cents; horses, 50 pounds, worth 10.7 cents; pigs, 83.6 pounds, worth 16.7 cents; cows, 74.1 pounds, worth 8 cents, and horses, 48.8 pounds, worth 7.6 cents, basing calculations of value on market prices of commercial fertilizers, which probably gives results much too high. Making liberal allowances for these and other considerations, Prof Roberts estimates that the value of the manure produced on a small farm carrying 4 horses, 20 cows, 50 sheep and 10 pigs during the seven winter months amounts to about $250. Poultry manure is the most highly esteemed as a fertilizer; after which come respectively sheep, pigs, horses and cows.—N. Y. World.

### FOOD FOR HORSES.

**Some of the Different Kinds, and the Peculiar Merits of Each.**

Of all the roots with which horses are tempted the carrot, as a rule, is the favorite and perhaps the most beneficial. It is said to be somewhat diuretic in its effect and to exercise a salubrious influence on the skin. Certain it is that a sick horse may be coaxed into eating carrots when disinclined to partake of other nourishment, with the greatest beneficial results. For the failing horse carrots are most valuable as an article of diet, and a few may be given with advantage to a horse in a healthy condition.

Oatmeal is extremely nutritious, and as a food for the convalescent horse is most valuable. The bruising process the grain has undergone breaks the husk and renders it more easily acted upon by the digestive organs. It is usually given in the form of a gruel, and in that form it is one of the most essential articles of diet for the infirmary. Linseed is decidedly to be included in the sick diet roll. It is nutritious, and from its oleaginous nature soothing to the frequently irritable mucous membrane of the alimentary canal, and hence is to be particularly recommended in the treatment of sore throats. Nor is its bland effect local only; its more general influence is particularly observable in affections of the kidneys.—N. Y. World.

### Corn Not Readily Assimilated.

The pig suddenly changed to a feed of corn will for a little time make rapid gain in weight, but its digestion will soon be so much impaired that it cannot assimilate the food it eats, and it will not continue to make the gain it should. Older animals digest the corn better, and it is, therefore, a better food for them than for growing pigs.

"Darling Ethel," he tenderly whispered
In tones that were loving and true,
"Would you care for love in a cottage,
Where no one should live but us two?"
"Yes, Charlie," she said, blushing sweetly,
And did not rebuff his warm kiss,
"I think life in a cottage at Newport
Would be the perfection of bliss."

—N. Y. World.

### OWING TO OTHERS.

Father—Why is it that you have no money the day after you receive your salary?

Son—It is not my fault, daddy—it is all owing to other people.—Truth.

### No Importance.

Official—What's that? A man run over and hurt? Notify the entire police force to watch out for the bicyclist who did it.

Policeman—But it wasn't a bicyclist. It was a beer wagon.

Official—Oh, if that's all, never mind. People are used to being run over by beer wagons.—Good News.

### THE AUTOCRATIC PORKER.

You may talk about yer venison, yer bar-meat an' yer fowl,
You may blow yer horn 'bout everything from turkey down to owl,
You may chirp about yer quail on toast an' sich as that, you see,
But the fine old-fashioned porker is good enough fer me.

You may spin long yarns on beefsteak, on rabbit an' on snipe,
On all that's good to swaller, from ox-tail soup to tripe,
Yer mouth may run to water 'bout chicken fricassee,
But old-fashioned ham an' gravy is good enough fer me.

You may hunt the country over fer something fit to eat
In the line of coon er 'possum or other kind uv meat,
You may chew a tough old brisket cow, so old she couldn't see,
But the old style roasted spar-rib is good enough fer me.

You may grind up meat and mix it with pepper and with salt,
Then add a little garlic an' yaller meal an' malt,
An' yerbs an' roots an' onions, an' a little catnip tea,
But old-fashioned country sausage is good enough fer me.

You may feast on shiny fishes, on bass an' carp an' eels,
That's purty much a owin' to how a feller feels;
But what a feller's raised to he'll ginerally be,
An' the hog and all that's on him is good enough fer me.

Jest kill a thrifty porker, about two hundred pound,
Hang up a side uv spar-ribs and watch 'em turn around
An' sizz an' spud an' sputter before the open fire,
Hung to a nail in the mantel an' strung up on a wire.

Now, set a pan below it upon the brick hearth flat,
An' see the gravy trickle down from lean meat an' from fat,
Sich grub might not be fittin' fer the king or his grandee,
But it's old-fashioned country eatin', an' it's good enough fer me.

Then when yer pig has cooled enough take down that biggest half,
Strip up the juley tenderline an' watch the children laugh,
Now slice the pieces crossways about a quarter thick
An' fry 'em on a frisky fire so they'll get done rite quick.

An' in the bottom gravy jest break a dozen eggs
Laid by them greedy Plymouth Rocks, consarn their pesky legs;
Jest draw up the table now, with neither fine nor fee;
Of course it's only country truck, but it's good enough fer me.

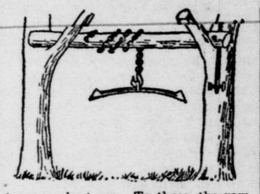
You folks that's livin' in the town on dried-up mackerrony
An' codfish balls an' terrapin an' second-hand baloney,
Come out into the country once, yer welcome as yer free;
You'll find the porker good enough fer either you or me

—C. A. Robinson, in Western Rural.

### RAISING CARCASSES.

**An Old-Fashioned Contrivance Suitable for the Average Farm.**

There has been considerable inquiry for a gallows on which to raise the carcasses of hogs. For common farm use, where it is employed but once or twice a year, it is doubtful if anything is cheaper or better than the old-fashioned contrivance illustrated herewith. A six-inch pole that is sound is placed in the crotches of two heavy poles well set, or in the branches of two near-by trees. To these the gambrels are fastened by chains, and this improvised cylinder is made to revolve and lift the pork by rolling it by means of a crowbar, or strong stick which fits into holes bored into the pole at right angles. This is prevented from unwinding by a pin thrust into a hole bored in the post. Of course, pulleys and ropes are better, but these are not always owned.—Farm Journal.



### FACTS FOR FARMERS.

CERTAINLY the suggestion need not be made that a leaky roof on any building ought to receive immediate attention.

IT is not likely that we shall ever see the price of wheat at the old figure. We cannot compete with cheap land and pauper labor.

FARMERS are among our very best citizens because most of them own their own homes. A man with a home to protect will usually be a good citizen.

WE are asked what the buckwheat tree is, and where it grows? The buckwheat tree is an evergreen shrub of the gulf states. Its fruit is shaped like a kernel of buckwheat, hence the name of the tree.

THERE is no better time for hauling out manure than when there is good sleighing. Haul it out on the sled. Whatever can be done with the sled can be more easily done than it can be with a wagon.—Farmers Voice.

### How Some Farmers Lose Money.

Grain and hay are often held until they decline in value from damage by weather, shrinkage in weight, etc., to say nothing about decline in market quotations. They are not kept off the market by any spirit of speculation as a rule or from hope of advance in price—things have not been tending that way of late—but from sheer carelessness oftentimes. The percentage of loss in this way is quite a considerable item in the experience of a multitude of farmers, and those, too, who can ill afford it.

### Feared Gossip.

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Parvey New to her caller, "I shall not serve wafers at my teas this season."

"Indeed?"

"I couldn't think of it. If I served anything smaller than biscuit ill-natured people would be certain to say Mr. New had felt the hard times."—Washington Star.

### What They Talk About.

Mrs. Yerger—Matilda, you and Mrs. Peterby's servant are always talking together. What do you find to talk about?

Matilda Snowball—We was jess amusin' ourselves, jess de same as you and Mrs. Peterby does, except dat you talk about the servants and we talked about our employers.—Tammany Times.

### The One Injured.

Minnie—Did you hear about Mollie's fiance falling off the trolley car and breaking his arm?

Mamie—Yes. I wonder if he will sue the company for damages?

Minnie—I guess not. I shouldn't wonder if she does, though.—Cincinnati Tribune.

### A Soft Answer.

Actress (angrily)—Did you write that criticism which said my impersonation of "The Abandoned Wife" was a miserable failure?

Critic—Ye—y-e-s; you see, you looked so irresistibly beautiful that it was impossible to fancy that any man could blaspheme you.—N. Y. Weekly.

### A STORY OF DR. HOLMES.

**His Appreciative Reader Who Did Not Know Him.**

One of the compensations of the poet is that, now and then, he stumbles upon surprises such as tickle his diaphragm and ripple his face with smiles. One of these surprises greeted genial Dr. Holmes in the days when he went to dinners. At a certain dinner party a young Virginia girl, visiting Boston, was seated next to a homely little old gentleman, whose name she had not caught. A correspondent of the Boston Transcript tells what resulted from that failure:

The gentleman began to talk with her, and asked her how she passed her time in the country. "Oh, we read, my father and I," she said.

"What do you read?" asked the little old man.

"Well, the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' for one thing," she answered.

"I should think you would not care to read that more than once, "remarked the old man, in a tone of slight disparagement.

"My father and I may not be judges of literature," said Miss Virginia, with a faint accent of scorn, "but when we get to the end of the 'Autocrat' we generally turn back to the beginning and read it over again."

The little old man smiled at this, and was disposed to be friendly, but Miss Virginia was so disgusted with his tone concerning the "Autocrat" that she met him with chilly indifference.

As soon as the guests went into the drawing-room, her hostess whispered reproachfully to her: "You didn't seem to find Dr. Holmes as interesting as I hoped."

"Dr. Holmes!" shrieked Miss Virginia. There was a tableau and an explanation.

### ARTIFICIAL AID TO THE MEMORY.

**Systems Have Been in Existence Since the Days of Ancient Egypt.**

The art of rendering artificial aid to the memory by associating in the mind things difficult to remember with those which are easy of recollection is said to have originated with the Egyptians. The first person to reduce it to a system was, according to Cicero, the poet Simonides, who lived 500 years B. C. His plan is known as the topical or locality plan, and is outlined by the Philadelphia Times as follows: Choose a large house with a number of differently furnished apartments in it. Impress upon the mind carefully all that is noticeable in the house, so that the mind can readily go over all its parts. Then place a series of ideas in the house, the first in the hall, the next in the sitting-room, and so on with the rest. Now, when one wishes to recall these ideas in their proper succession, commence going through the house, and the idea placed in each department will be found to readily recur to the mind in connection with it. It is related that the mnemonic plan was first suggested to the poet by a tragic occurrence. Having been called from a banquet just before the roof of the house fell and crushed all the rest of the company, he found on returning that the bodies were so mutilated that no individual could be recognized, but by remembering the places which they had severally occupied at the table, he was able to identify them. He was thus led to notice that the order of places may, by association, suggest the order of things.

### EARTHQUAKE WAVES.

**Pulsations Travel at a Very High Rate of Speed.**

Some of our readers may remember, says Youth's Companion, that the pulsations of the great earthquake in Greece last April were perceived in England, and, it was believed, at the Cape of Good Hope, by means of very delicate instruments contrived for the purpose of registering any slight shaking of the earth's crust. In like manner the shock of the Constantinople earthquake of July last was perceived at various meteorological observatories in Austria, Russia, Germany, Holland, France and England.

By a comparison of times, combined with the distances from Constantinople of the places where pulsations were observed, a fairly accurate estimate of the velocity with which the earthquake waves traveled was obtained.

The average speed was about two miles per second. This is almost exactly the same velocity as that which was calculated for the pulsations of the Greek earthquake in April. At this rate, if it were continued without diminution, the wave would pass completely round the earth, along a great circle, in about three hours and a half.

One of the English instruments which registered these pulsations is at the bottom of a deep mine near Newcastle-on-Tyne, and its delicacy may be judged from the fact that it has recorded the beating of the waves on the seacoast ten miles away.

### He Challenged the Pit.

The short and disastrous reign of Louis XVI. produced two remarkable duelists—the petticoated Chevalier d'Eon and the mulatto St. George. D'Eon died in London as late as 1810, and no satisfactory reason was ever given for the whim which made him a quarter of a century attire himself in woman's clothes. The black St. George was at once the best fencer and the best pistol shot of his day, and won his reputation in many meetings. In spite of his fame as a duelist, he is said to have been a very inoffensive man and to have avoided quarrels as far as he might. One of the most wholesale challenges on record dates from this period, when Marquis de Tentenlac, having been rebuked for sitting too far forward at the wings, considered himself to be slighted by the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "with your permission a piece will be performed to-morrow called 'The Insolence of the Pit Chastised,' in as many acts as may be desired, by Marquis de Tentenlac." The peaceable pit took no notice of the bellicose nobleman's challenge.

### Hard to Suit.

Jess—That young man is very disagreeable to stare at us that way.

Bess—The other is just as bad; he hasn't looked this way once.—N. Y. World.

### The Cause of It.

We swore she was treading on air,
Her step was so daintily light;
But those who know better declare
Her shoes were a trifle too tight.

—Puck.

### A LIVING ILLUSTRATION.

The Teacher—Willie Watson, go to the blackboard and describe to the class a semi-curve.

Willie Watson—Wot's ther use, teacher, when they can see Sissy Hampton's legs?—Judge.